

the LEATHERNECK

Vol. 7, No. 48

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 22, 1924

Five Cents

THANKSGIVING!



THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR OF THE AMERICAN MARINES

The following is an address made by Brig. Gen. Logan Feland, on November 10, 1924, the 149th birthday of the Marine Corps. Broadcasted by W. J. R. New York.

A "sense of humor" has been a life preserver throughout history to the Marines. Friends of the Marine Corps have claimed that it is a "Fighting Corps," and I suppose one must plead guilty to that charge; but more often than we have had to fight, we have been compelled to take a slap on the cheek, and, then as enjoined by the Bible, have turned the other cheek also. This, to my mind, requires as high a test of courage and as true an Americanism as actual combat. It takes a considerable amount, and a fine quality, of "humor" to take an insult from some bare-footed Malay, Mongolian, West Indian or Central American, look him in the eye, and, because of orders from the highest authority, test the quality of your patience instead of your fists or your weapons. The remarkable thing about this is that it is that "sense of humor" and nothing else that makes the Marine Corps; because if it were not for this "something" that permits you to see the humor of the situation, there would be no "esprit de Corps," which is the spiritual quality that makes the Marines what they are today.

Let us look back as far as the opening day of the 19th Century and we will see five hundred Marines, half of the strength of the Corps at that time, fighting the Barbary Corsairs in the Mediterranean. I should hardly say "fighting" because in the early stages of that war they were there for the purpose of conveying the "bribes" paid out of American taxes.

At first we find that the only Americans who felt the sting of dishonor were those who had to suffer the degradation of personally laying the tribute at the feet of the pirates. It is to their credit that notwithstanding their abhorrence of the duty, they performed it efficiently. Their duty was to carry out a policy, not to establish one.

Naval and Marine Officers write that they would much prefer to hand these African pirates tribute from the muzzles of cannons and muskets rather than in the form of money, and even ships. However, they could not follow their own natural inclinations, but patiently and efficiently carried out the ignoble mission assigned to them, of laying the tribute at the feet of the Tripolitans, Algerians, Tunisians, and Moroccans.

By 1800, America realized that "Paying tribute at the point of the gun," did not accord with American principles. None of us have pleasant sensations when we read of the thirty years we submitted to the overbearing and insolent attitude of the Barbary States, but we do enjoy reading of what American sailormen and marines did to those pirates when they were finally allowed to get at them.

When British press-gangs disturbed the serenity of the maritime world, it was a bitter pill for the American Marines and Bluejackets to swallow to see their shipmates and messmates impressed into a rival service. Marine officers had to stand by and see men that they had spent much time in making into almost perfect fighting men, snatched from their

commands to serve on British vessels. However, the War of 1812 ended all this and in the end the joke was on the British, though perhaps they have not seen it yet.

We come to the year 1882. In that year one of the greatest catastrophes of history resulted when the Egyptians themselves set fire to Alexandria during their conflicts with the British. American Marines were landed to protect American citizens and their property, and, being neutral, they suffered all the indignities that fall to the lot of a neutral. If they had had "five cheeks" every one of them would have been slapped, and the Marines had no comeback except to pleasantly smile and stand fast. However, even this campaign was not without its humorous incidents and only just the other day Col. Field, the author of the most recent history of the British Marines, wrote that he well remembered the American Marines at Alexandria in 1882. He said that they were quartered in the Club and invitingly left the entrance doors wide open, but had a Gatling Gun barricaded half way up the staircase, commanding the hall. It was a concealed joke, a scheme for inviting an attack from the mob, wrote Col. Field, so that the American Marines, though they were neutrals, would have an excuse for a scrap—one in self-defense of course.

There are little bits of American History which have never been written up by the historians, in which American Marines, by their patience and keen sense of humor, have kept American influence in foreign countries at full par. Americans, not knowing of these overlooked incidents, never have had the opportunity to appreciate the "sense of humor" which saved the situation for America and the Marines. Probably everybody knows that the landing of Marines in a foreign country is not considered an "Act of War"; but if the landing was made by an integral part of the Army, it would be considered a menace, and an attack on the sovereignty of the country in whose territory the landing was made. The Marine is considered as an agent of peace, not of war, when our country is not at war. He pacifies rather than irritates the countries in which unruly elements threaten foreign lives and property.

We must never forget that the Monroe Doctrine is no stronger than the American Navy and Marine Corps. It is in these little interventions in smaller countries that we find that the sense of humor of the Marine comes in, in its most valuable form to assist America. If it were not for the well-balanced mental make-up of the Marines causing them to be able to appreciate the humor of things, the Monroe Doctrine would suffer considerably in the countries adjacent to us.

America has disappointed many of its severest critics by the evacuation of Santo Domingo recently. From 1916 to 1924 the tact, patience and military efficiency of the American Marines maintained a tranquility in Santo Domingo and presented an example in administration to the Dominicans that enabled that country to finally resume control of its own affairs.

The Marines are today in Haiti doing the same good work that they accomplished in Santo Domingo.

Now if it were not for the saving sense of humor possessed by the Marines,

the prestige of the United States in both of these countries, and America's reputation in other foreign countries, concerning our activities in Haiti and Santo Domingo, would be very low indeed.

History will record only one thing with reference to the work of the Marines in Santo Domingo and Haiti. That one thing is that the result of their occupation was beneficial to the people of those two republics and thus indirectly to the whole "Family of Nations."

The Marines not only have a sense of humor which saves the situation many times in their service on the Nation's problems, but they can laugh at themselves when necessary.

Take the trite expression, usually construed as a reproach, "Tell That To The Marines." When we read the origin of the phrase as given in Pepy's Diary describing an incident occurring in the presence of Charles II in 1664, we see the joke is not on us.

Pepy in conversation with King Charles stated that in a talk with the Captain of the Frigate *Defiance*, which had just returned to England from the West Indies, the Captain had told him that he had seen fishes flying in the air. "Fish flying in the air," exclaimed His Majesty. "A quaint conceit indeed, which it is too good to spoil with keeping! What, sir," turning and beckoning the Colonel of the newly raised Marine Regiment; "What say you, Colonel, to a man who swears he hath seen fishes flying in the air?"

"I should say, sire," returned the sea-soldier simply, "that he is a man that hath sailed in Southern Seas. For when Your Majesty's business carried me thither of late, I did frequently observe more flying fish in one hour than the hairs of my head in numbers."

The king with a laugh turned to the secretary and said: "Mr. Pepys, from the very nature of their calling, no class of our subjects can have so wide a knowledge of seas and lands as the officers and men of our loyal maritime regiment. Henceforth, whenever we cast doubt upon a tale that lacketh likelihood we will tell it to the Marines— IF THEY BELIEVE IT, IT IS SAFE TO SAY IT IS TRUE."

From that day to this "Tell it to the Marines" has had the same meaning. It has appeared in rhyme, prose and on the stage practically every year from 1664 to 1924. The Marines would feel that they had lost a boon companion if it should suddenly depart from them.

I have a recollection that in the days before Mr. Daniels and Mr. Volstead, a ward-room aboard ship being a jovial place at times, it sometimes happened that an attempt was made as we say to get the Marine Officers' goat by calling an empty bottle a "dead marine." But the construction placed upon that phrase by William IV of England, who originated the usage, was a compliment.

It seems that William IV sat at a table one day with several officers and ordered one of the waiters to "take away that Marine there," pointing to an empty bottle.

"Your Majesty," inquired a Colonel of Marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the Service?"

"Yes," replied the monarch; "I mean to say it has done its duty once and is ready to do it again."

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(Continued on page 14)

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CAVITE, P. I.

The Leathernecks lost the basketball game to the Sub-base on Friday, October 10, by a score of 27 to 30. The Sub-base was going strong in the first half and held the marine team to seven points against their twenty-one at the end of the first half. The marines substituted Allen for Jeppson in the last half and came within three points of tying the score when time was called.

The following is the lineup of the two teams:

Marines		P.	Sc.	PF.
Marner	f	10	3	
Gaylor	f	6	0	
Jeppson	c	3	0	
Hart	g	2	0	
Ski	g	0	0	
Allen	c	6	1	
Total		27	4	

Sub-Base		P.	Sc.	PF.
Ragsdale	f	0	2	
Windoll	f	13	2	
Steele	c	9	0	
Wright	g	6	0	
Stone	g	2	0	
Total		30	4	

Had it not been that Marner was off on his plays on this particular evening the Leathernecks would have easily won the game, but there were a half dozen or more throws that Marner made that would have been counted as a score had they not rolled around the rim of the basket for a couple of spins only to roll out again.

Cavite won the first two games of the Army Baseball season at Nozalea Park on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday's game was a close one with Cavite winning from the Olympics by a score of 1 to 0, Corporal Gaylor getting the hit in the second inning that brought home the winning score for Cavite. Saturday was a great day for the Leathernecks in Manila, and didn't realize so much the victory until some brought the gang's attention to Marine Gunner Robinson, manager of the Cavite team, coming from the bench scratching his head and smiling at the players after the game. Cavite played the Olympics again Sunday on the same grounds, Cavite winning by a score of 5 to 1, but there were not nearly so many Leathernecks at that game to root, it being so far from pay day that two such days as Saturday and Sunday came too close together.

SCANDAL FROM THE CITY BY THE SEA

Again the Army was victimized by the Marines. We played Fort Bragg here on the Marine Corps Birthday and trounced them 20 to 6, and the only reason it wasn't a bigger score was because we felt sorry for them. It was a good game and all our local followers were appeased, especially the fair-er sex from Cherokee and North Charleston. Messenheimer and Gridley were the outstanding stars on our all-star team.

The win over Fort Bragg furthers our season's standing with four wins and no losses. The team is leaving for Fort Schreven, Georgia, and we hope to be able to keep our slate as clean as heretofore.

Our dance given in celebration of the football game and the Birthday was a great success, and enjoyed a large attendance as usual. The Commandant of the Navy Yard and numerous other officers were present, and the Fort Bragg football team managed to miss their train so they could lay over and enjoy the dance with us. Tesky's orchestra furnished the music.

The football crowd are extremely sorry to hear that our head coach, Lieut. P. J. Halloran, U. S. Navy, is to be detached from this Yard on November 22, and although we feel that we will be able to carry on during the remainder of the season, we would surely like to have him stay with us. Not only was he the mentor of our football team, but also our basketball squad, which is just starting practice, will miss him keenly.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Lieut. Halloran for his earnest and faithful assistance, and hope that by some manner or means he may again return to help us. It is the earnest wish of all members of this command that Lieut. Halloran will enjoy the best of success in his future endeavors.

The Marines took part in the parade held here on Armistice Day, and, as usual, showed the rest of the outfits how it should be done. The feature of this parade was First Sergeants Wilson and Kelly with the leading platoons. This is the first chance the fair-est sex have had to see these two distinguished persons with their "working clothes" on, and were certainly given a good hand as they passed in review. Our three mounts, Starlight, Ben and Mack, led the parade and were about the only ones who did not growl when "requested" to fall out.

"TAPS" KILLEN.

TENTH REGIMENT BAND AT TAPPAHANOCK COUNTY FAIR

On Wednesday, October 22, the Tenth Regiment Artillery Band, directed by First Sgt. A. F. Francis, journeyed via motor bus to Tappahanock, Va., where, through the courtesy of the Marine Corps, they remained for three days, giving concerts and helped to entertain the country folks attending the Tappahanock Fair.

The Fair proved to be of the real old fashioned type, with its corn shelling contest, spelling bee, farm horse race, etc., and the presence of the Marine Band in their neat blue uniforms and white belts made a most favorable impression and proved an asset in helping to make the fair a success.

Although the Marines entertained at all times and places with bally-hoo concerts, they played a special daily concert from 1 to 2 p. m., which was one of the main events of the day. With such numbers as "The Animal Fair," "The Whistler and His Dog," and "Go Along Mule," the band daily received encore after encore, as those numbers were played. The "Go Along Mule" piece, in which the members of the band sang thirty-three verses, became a daily fixed number in the concert program.

Thursday evening the Marines gave a dance for the country folk at the Town Hall. From all accounts, the sheriff had to be called to get the crowd to go home, so that at least some one would get up to milk the cows next morning.

Lieut. Rhodes, officer in charge of the band, officiated as referee at the football game held in connection with the fair, and also played shortstop on the local baseball team, where his base-running made him the idol of the fans.

The Band returned to Quantico, Friday evening about taps, well pleased with their trip.

RETIRED

On November 29, 1924, Sergeant-Major Michael Brady, U. S. Marine Corps, now serving at the Marine Barracks, Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, will be retired from active service in the Marine Corps with thirty years and eighteen days service.

THE LEATHERNECK wishes Sergeant-Major Brady every happiness in his well earned retirement from the active ranks.

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REVOLUTION IN HONDURAS

On Board the U. S. S. "Galveston" in Honduran Waters

At the outbreak of the latest Honduran Revolution, the U. S. S. *Galveston* was ordered to the North Coast to protect American lives and property. The trip through the Caribbean was a most delightful one, passing on the way the island of Jamaica.

Honduras, mountainous and covered with a beautiful tropical verdure, presents to even the casual observer a paradise of travel and adventure. Our approach to the coast was through myriads of small islands whose white clam-shell beaches reminded one of the bleaching skeletons of ancient sea monsters. The sparkling deep blue sea with the green tropical tangle and coconut palms of the islands and the high mountains of the mainland in the background, reminds one of stories read and re-read of South Sea adventure, and it is in reality in this beautiful setting that Central American revolution rages rampant. Here in the picturesque little adobe city of Los Colorados the revolutionary generals Ferrera and Fonseca had set up their headquarters.

At Los Azules government troops were on watch or drowsily chatting in the park of palms, all armed to the teeth and a perfect picture of indolence and the carefree life of the tropics. Sergeants and generals, dressed in a variety of bright uniforms or costumes, with patent leather boots, exaggerated spurs and heavy gold lace epaulets, strut up and down the avenue exhibiting to the dark-eyed señoritas their grandeur. Caesar in all his glory, leading the victorious legions through the gates of Rome, could not have worn a more dignified air. The difference between the proud officer and the servile common soldier is vast. Picture for yourself an "hombre" clothed in a coarse pair of trousers, perhaps a shirt, huge sombrero with a blue and white ribbon in the case of a federal soldier and red ribbon if he be a rebel, armed always with a machete and perhaps an old, old obsolete rifle or shot-gun, and there you have the typical Honduran common soldier. Does he take a bath—I should say not. He would be afraid of washing off the sunburn which is his only protection from the sizzling rays of the sun.

The recruiting service is simplicity itself; no trouble in getting your quotas here. Every town has a garrison and the Commanding Officer is also chief recruiting officer. He is straightforward and above board in his style of recruit-

ing, never "snows" the applicant completely under, but merely informs the lad of his fancy to report for roll call next morning, that is, if he values his life, liberty and pursuit of elusive happiness. Chow hall—just any old coconut or banana grove, just pick it up and eat it. What could be more simple? The married hombre has it all over the others, though. He gets some real service out of his senora by having her report with the beans and rice at the prescribed hours. Sleep is courted in grass hammocks tied to greased poles to prevent the encroachment of over-zealous crawling insects. Pay call and call to arms are one and the same. If the raid is successful and the town is captured, the soldiery seek reimbursement from the tax-payers thereof, sparing nothing from a pet snake to the bells in the church tower. Then they fire the town to cover the looting.

Last March the U. S. S. *Denver* and *Billingsley* patrolled the Coast of Honduras, sending armed parties of Marines and bluejackets ashore at La Ceiba, Tela and Amapala. Revolution again broke out in August of this year when Gen. Ferrera, former Minister of War, went on the war-path against the Provisional President of Honduras, Gen. Tosta. The fighting spread quickly to the North Coast, where most of the wealth and commerce is situated, and there is a considerable settlement of Americans and foreigners. Santa Maria in the State of Tutubuca, Santa Rosa in western Honduras, and Choluteca in the south were soon in the hands of the rebel general, Ferrera. Gen. Fonseca looted Sabana Grande and Siguatepeque, and both he and Ferrera were concentrating their forces for an advance on Tegucigalpa, the capital. The United States stepped in at this juncture with an offer of settlement which was accepted, with the result that Tosta was forced to resign and Ferrera, Fonseca and Carias withdrew their names as presidential candidates.

The Standard Fruit Company is the controlling figure of La Ceiba, owning large tracts of land devoted to fruit raising. This company ran a special train for our crew about fifty-five miles inland to show us their plantations, and served the whole crew with lunch and beer. Everybody had a grand and glorious time and each and every man present was thankful for the Standard Fruit Company's generosity. We passed through La Suiza and San Juan and all of us got a slant at country life in Central America. The Hottentots of Africa could hardly be more primitive than the native Indians. The huts are made entirely of palm leaves and are a rather poor protection against the blazing sun and heavy rains. The interior of the huts is usually bare except for a machete hanging on the wall or cob-corn strung in the doorway. The hut could not be elaborately furnished, however, when it is to be remembered

that it serves as living quarters for a large family as well as for mules, hogs and chickens, and perhaps several mangy dogs. Outdoor kitchens are the style, and consist of a large dome-like oven made of clay and grass and a tortilla rock. Tortillas, or what we might call corn-cakes, are made from wet cornmeal. The women are assisted in their culinary duties by a swarm of children, not yet possessed of the dignity that clothing lends, but possessed of the utter freedom of a sunburned skin.

The *Galveston* next proceeded to Tela, about fifty miles to the westward. Our time off was divided between making liberty in the town and catching sharks. We used hooks, but the natives employ a more unique method. They swim out in the bay with a knife between their teeth, and when the shark makes the attack the native seizes the shark's lower jaw and at the same time deftly rips open the shark's belly with a mighty thrust. All this has to be done under water and requires a lot of skill and nerve.

Puerto Cortez was our next stop. Here we were the guests of Maj. Burke, in the Palma Hotel. The Major ascribes as the chief causes of the revolution the heavy duties on imports and other revenues which go into the President's pockets, and which makes the President's job a much sought after berth; the general dissatisfaction of the people and the struggle of a host of candidates for political jobs from President on down. American Wild West films are also blamed for inflaming the imagination of the natives and inspiring revolutionary ardor.

From Puerto Cortez we were ordered East again to Puerto Castillo, where there had been considerable revolutionary activity. Feeling was also high against the negro population of Truxillo across the bay. The native soldiers had almost succeeded in driving the negroes into the sea and swamp, and considerable shooting was going on. Luckily for the negroes, a Norwegian steamer happened along and took the refugees aboard and anchored out until the danger was over.

An elderly negro "hombre" was forced by the soldiers to put to sea in a small dugout without provisions. As a last resort he paddled out to the *Galveston* and we supplied him with food and fresh water for three days. Then on the fourth night he slipped away to try and make a port some hundred miles to the westward. That was the last we heard of him.

After our mission had been accomplished, we headed for the Panama Canal and through to the Pacific side for battle practice. Our stay was short, however, as a S. O. S. from Honduras required our return North. Our flagship, the U. S. S. *Rochester*, also proceeded North with us to protect the lives and property of Americans in Honduras.

JOSEPH B. ROOS.



A.T.M.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE CONVENTION

Second Day

After the morning session of the National Meeting, which was held in the Band Hall of the Marine Barracks, Washington, arrangements were made for a trip to Quantico. The Raleigh Hotel was designated as a meeting place and the time was set at 8:30. On Tuesday morning we found twenty-six of the delegates with smiling faces awaiting the time to leave. Upon our arrival in Quantico, the delegates were introduced to the Commanding General Maj. Gen. Eli K. Cole, who after giving us a short talk, directed us to proceed to the Rifle Range where Capt. Victor Bleasdale held a demonstration in modern warfare. Then the delegates were taken to the various mess-halls for dinner. The first party of six dropped off with the Engineer Battalion, the second party with the Supply Company, 5th Regiment, and the third party with the Headquarters Company. After dinner the delegates all met at the Hostess House and then went to the Aviation Field, where Capt. Sheppard took us through the hangars and explained the various planes. Then he took the party through the shops showing how the planes were assembled and repaired. This trip to the Aviation Field took up all the time and the trip to Mount Vernon had to be postponed.

We left Quantico at 3 p. m. and arrived in Washington at 5 p. m. Here the delegates parted with a welcome to all to look each other up when they were in town. Old times in the Marine Corps were talked over before departure and everybody considered that the two days of the convention had been well spent.

McLEMORE DETACHMENT

Houston, Texas, celebrated Armistice Day with the largest parade ever held in the city. All branches of the service were well represented. The parade was led by a platoon of Boy Scout Buglers who sounded off at each street intersection. Then came the National Colors with three Marines as bearer and guard, followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Band, the pre-war veterans organizations and their auxiliaries.

The second section comprised the World War Section, organized as fol-

lows: Allied colors with ten Marines as bearers and guards, Grand Marshal and Staff, Knights of Columbus Band of 108 pieces, State Commander of the American Legion and Entertainment Committee, Veterans of Foreign Wars and their Auxiliary, Thomas Dismuke and Max Autry Posts, American Legion and their Auxiliary, McLemore Marine Detachment of the Marine Corps League (about 75 strong), Society of the 5th Division, 111th Supply Train Association, Rainbow Division, Southern Pacific Railroad War Veterans, Officers Organized Reserve Corps, Naval Reserve, 111th Air Squadron, 36th Infantry Texas National Guards, 56th Machine Gun Squadron, Texas National Guard, Medical Detachment of Texas N. G., American Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Knights of Columbus.

There were many other fraternal and civic organizations. All public school children and their teachers, Rice Institute and Band, Government, State, County and City Officials were also present.

The fifth section was comprised of negro war veteran organizations, longshoremen, and negro school children and their teachers with three negro bands.

As the ten-mile procession moved along the cheering became deafening. About 15,000 people marched in line, and sidewalks along the line of march were thronged long before the procession arrived. The marchers disbanded at the City Auditorium where the address of the day was delivered by Mark McGee of Brownwood, Texas, State Commander of the American Legion.

The McLemore Marine Detachment of the Marine Corps League was in line with the McLemore Colors, presented to the McLemore Marines of Houston. Bringing up the rear of the Marine Detachment was an ex-Marine in uniform with a large canvas banner held high above the heads of all the other marchers on which was painted in one-foot letters, "Leathernecks and Devil Dogs."

MARINE POST NO. 186 HOLDS ANNUAL BALL

On November 7, 1924, the Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post, No. 186, American Legion, held its second annual ball at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. The affair was a great success from all angles, the reception committee arranging a very interesting entertainment for the evening.

The Meyer Davis orchestra furnished the music, while among the entertainers were Miss Ruth Malcolmson (Miss America), Miss Elinor Lloyd, soprano for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, K. Blanche Brooke-Haley, soprano, Miss Anna Scheirer, exhibition dancer, Mr. Harry Link, popular composer and radio songster, and last, but not least, a picked detachment of Marines from the

Navy Yard, who staged an exhibition drill on the ballroom floor.

Many distinguished guests were present, among them, Maj. Gen. Lejeune and Gen. Butler, at present director of public safety in the Quaker City.

The crowd was estimated at about 1,000 couples, which all vows that "Once Marines, always Marines" still holds good, as former bunks enjoy getting together once again.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE ACTIVITY

Just as another indication of the momentum that is getting under way for the Marine Corps League idea is shown in a letter recently received from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The letter reads in part:

"We already have eleven members whose dues have been paid and a total of eighteen members who have signed applications for membership cards. We are only waiting for word from the Chief of Staff or the National Adjutant to make application with the National organization.

We are planning to have at least three squads in full uniform in the Armistice Day parade here and are hoping to get a prominent place in the procession. One of the members, a Mr. Brooks, who received special honors for distinguished and gallant service in France, is to be Marshal of the Day.

Trusting that we may soon become affiliated with the National Organization to our mutual benefit, etc."

Emporia, Kansas, was heard from as follows by wire to the National Commandant upon the occasion of the Marine Corps League Convention held on November 10th and 11th this year:

"It is impossible for me to be in attendance at the assembly of the Marine Corps League in Washington. I extend greetings and best wishes to all Marines and former Marines in attendance and on behalf of former Marines of Kansas and Central West, may the League continue to grow. William Knapp, Vice-Commander."

And, from San Francisco, Calif:

"Upon this one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the Marine Corps, the David K. Kilduff Detachment extends heartiest congratulations to its Commandant and to the Corps, R. B. Dwyer, Commandant."

From San Diego, Calif.:

"Please present my sincere good wishes to the Convention assembled with congratulations to the officers who have planned so successful a meeting. I regret being unable to attend. Publication of MARINE BASE WEEKLY at San Diego with announcement of Marine Corps League meeting here keeping me busy. I authorize you to represent me and my vote by proxy and hope you will present my proposals as outlined in my letter. Corlis Carpenter, Vice-Commandant."

THE LEATHERNECK

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Published weekly on Saturday at Washington, D. C. Entered in the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class matter, November 13, 1920.

Subscription Rates.....\$2.00 Per Year
 Single Copy.....Five Cents

Address all communications to Editor, THE LEATHERNECK, Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C.

THIS LEATHERNECK has a National Paid-in-Advance Subscription list which includes every Post and Station in the Marine Corps, every capital ship in the Navy, and many Libraries, Reading Rooms, Colleges, Lodges and Clubs in the United States, as well as thousands of Service Men and their relatives throughout the country.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Days of thanksgiving trace their origin back to Biblical times. Days set apart for special thanksgiving were known to the Israelites, and are mentioned frequently throughout the Bible. They were not uncommon in England before the Reformation, and among Protestants afterward.

The earliest day of thanksgiving recorded in the history of North America occurred on May 27, 1578, when a colony was founded on the shores of Newfoundland and a minister named Wolfall preached a special sermon and gave thanks for "miraculous deliverance in those dangerous places."

After the first harvests of the New England colonists in 1621, Gov. Bradford made provision for their rejoicing especially together with praise and prayer. In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer in the midst of drought was changed into thanksgiving by the coming of rain during the prayers; gradually the custom prevailed of appointing thanksgiving annually after harvests.

These appointments were by proclamation of the Governors of the several New England colonies. During the Revolution a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress. The first national Thanksgiving Day formally proclaimed by a President of the United States was on the 26th of November, 1789, by proclamation of George Washington.

Since 1663 the President has appointed a day of Thanksgiving (usually the last Thursday of November), and his proclamation has generally been followed by similar proclamations from the Governors of several States.

In July, 1863, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale wrote to President Lincoln, enclosing a copy of Washington's Thanksgiving proclamation issued from New York in 1789, and suggested that he, too, should proclaim a day of National Thanksgiv-



TRANSPORTATION OF DEPENDENTS OF ENLISTED MEN

Due to the limited amount of space available on Government conveyances, applications of enlisted men below the rank of Staff Sergeant for transportation of dependents from the United States to foreign stations and from coast to coast, upon change of station orders, will not be given consideration.

The Major General Commandant has directed, in a letter dated November 8, 1924, that his office be furnished at the very earliest practicable date with a list of all officers and enlisted men on duty at the various posts who, up to the present time, have not received appropriate target insignia for previous qualifications with the pistol.

It is further directed that all commanding officers of posts and stations send in the names of all officers and enlisted men who qualify with the pistol between now and January 1, 1925, for whom no insignia is available in order that insignia may be awarded them.

In addition to the above, it is directed that a requisition be made giving a conservative estimate of the probable requirements, both as regards rifle and pistol insignia, for the calendar year 1925, listing therein the number of basic badges required in each grade, as well as the number of "Rifle A" and "Pistol D" bars needed.

On November 22, four airplanes from Quantico, Va., will distribute several thousand posters over Pittsburgh, Pa., advertising the Marine-Carnegie Tech. Football game scheduled to be played in Pittsburgh that day. The game promises to be one of the best of the season, and All-Marine team being one of the best teams in the country.

The First Battalion, 6th Regiment, Quantico, Va., will bring its strength to 329 men to relieve the Third Battalion, 6th Regiment, now at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. This battalion will be on special temporary expeditionary duty and will embark at Hampton Roads, Virginia, and proceed to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the U. S. S. *Henderson*, sailing on or about January 6, 1925.

ing. Her suggestion was followed on July 15, when the President issued a proclamation "for the observance of Thursday, August 6, as a day for national thanksgiving, praise and prayer." Since then, with only one exception of date, the Presidents have appointed the last Thursday of November, exchanging the local and variable observance of early days to one truly national.

HEADQUARTERS TALK

THE MARINE CORPS SAVING SYSTEM

By TED EDWARDS, Paymaster's Dept., Headquarters, Marine Corps

Ask the average man in the Marine Corps today how much money he has saved up and there will be, in several cases, the same old reply, "Nothing." What is the direct cause of this? Ask the man. Nine times out of ten he will say that he started a bank account and then drew the money out. In other words, "he was too weak to resist the temptation."

This is exactly the reason why the Marine Corps has adopted the banking system now in use in the Paymaster's Department. Ask some of these men why they don't put their money "on the books." Most of them will say that they never thought of that, or that they didn't know that it could be done.

Let us study this system and thereby understand it better. Under the laws now in effect, an enlisted man of the Marine Corps may deposit such amount of his monthly pay as he desires, with the paymaster. If he does this, he never has to handle the money at all. The amount he decides to deposit is subtracted from his pay by the Pay Roll Clerk and is then entered in the man's service record and bank books. Money so deposited cannot be withdrawn by the man until he is discharged from the Marine Corps, when the principal and interest are paid him. This system also allows three per cent interest to be paid on all deposits so the man doesn't lose anything that way.

Let us take a man who enlists in the Marine Corps for a period of four years. His base pay (under the new pay bill) is \$21.00 per month; say he qualifies as an expert rifleman, this adds \$5.00 more and makes his total pay \$26.00 per month. Out of this the average man can, and ought to, easily save \$15.00. Figure this up for forty-eight months, the answer is \$720.00, without the interest.

Think it over, buddy, and then decide to follow the age-old maxim: SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!

ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER

The discovery of gunpowder is attributed to many nations, although most authorities believe it originated in China. In 1214 Roger Bacon described an explosive, used then for amusement, which acted like gunpowder. Marcus Graecus in the eighth century also spoke of a similar explosive and told how to make it. Signal rockets were used in the reign of the Greek emperor Leo—880 A. D. Probably the earliest use of cannon was by the Moors at the siege of Baza in 1325. In 1326 the Council of Twelve, of Florence, according to public records, placed an order for a number of cannon. The systematic making of powder in England began in 1590.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "DOC" CLIFFORD

To visit Parris Island is always a pleasure, for it is in this post one gets into touch not only with the seasoned veterans, but encounters Marines from the raw recruit up. Some of the newcomers have *wonder* expressed all over their faces as they step from the boat and are escorted to the Receiving Barracks. "Pop" Cain, who is now a worthy sergeant, after several years of faithful and helpful civilian service, is on the spot to greet the new arrivals and in his very human way makes them at home, thus helping each one to forget his strangeness. Getting into dungarees speedily makes them a part of the crowd, who look very much alike, but still *wonder*, watch and wait.

The straight-from-the-shoulder, manly talk from Capt. Fogg comes next, followed by the swearing-in and sometimes there are confessions of blunders made in first papers of enlistment, but the swearing-in has finally bound them for service in the Corps.

To spend a day at the Receiving Barrack reminds one of the great and loyal-hearted Denby, late Secretary of the Navy, and brings to mind a thousand and one whom we have known and loved and who passed the same way to active and heroic service in the cause of their country in many lands. Thousands have thanked God for the lessons learned in the Corps, and look back on those first days of wonderment which threw its spell over them, and to that moment which opened the way leading them out to the big world of service and adventure in which they have since attained to the real manhood of the U. S. Marines.

In the East and West Wings we find the "Boots" and there is always plenty doing. The tasks are tackled every day; drills must be performed, the perfect knowledge of Marine Corps routine and work must be learned, the range must be fired, and during all this time there runs through the mind the constant and old question, "Where do we go from here?" Of course they do go, and, while I was on the Island, groups were preparing to leave at once for Nicaragua, St. Thomas, Haiti, sea duty with the fleet, and last, but by no means least, 350 were for Quantico.

F. M. S means Field Music School. I have had the pleasure of meeting a large number of boys both in the school and the field. Some have been good, very good, while some have been—well, only moderate. Never have I met a brighter, more earnest, happier or more intelligent bunch of boys than those of my recent visit. Capt. Dickerson and his staff have them well in hand and the evidences of efficiency and proficiency were plainly shown in a goodly number of those boys.

It is always a treat to visit the Rifle Range. Everybody is in good spirits, chow of the best, and a comradeship which is felt and expressed on every side.

Speaking of chow reminds me that no one should ever visit the Island without making an inspection of the school for cooks. This is splendidly managed and directed by Lieut. Byrd. To see is to taste, and the tastes I took created a longing for more, so that with Chaplain Gottschall I took a full meal. The galley gave one an appetite, everything spotless, cooks in good humor, the supply guaranteeing all a sufficiency, and most beautifully cooked and served.



LIBERTY BREAKERS ON THE WANE

We note in the IDAHO YARN that during October six divisions went without a single case of liberty breaking. These divisions were the 3, 5, R, H, V and E.

THE KEYSTONE, published by the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*, also states there were no absentees for two months in the fifth and sixth divisions. Ensign Massie Hughes is division officer of the fifth division and Ensign Alan Davis is division officer of the sixth division.

It is a sign of good ship's spirit when there are no such delinquencies. It means the men are working together and it gives the division a good reputation. A man in a division that is always on time is trusted more than the man in a lazy division.

It means more than "A good ship's spirit," although that is something worth having. It means a body of self-respecting men who have due regard for the obligations of life and service. Such men inspire both confidence and respect—liberty breakers inspire contempt, and get it.

Congratulations to "THE SUB-BASE BALLAST" on its increase in size.

FEDERAL SERVICES FINANCE CORPORATION

The United Services Automobile Association insures officers and warrant officers, active and retired, of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps against loss of automobile by fire or theft, from property damage, public liability—or personal injury to others, and collision.

Premiums charged for all insurance except collision are 20 per cent lower than those charged by line companies and 50 per cent less in case of collision.

This year the association is allowing an 8 per cent discount on all premiums for renewing policies covering all except collision, which amounts to 28 per cent less than the charges of line companies. All cases covering personal liability are re-insured against loss of more than \$2500.00.

Two per cent discount is allowed on all premiums paid upon receipt of policy or one-third may be paid on receipt of policy, one-third in thirty and the balance in sixty days thereafter.

The association has regular adjusters in Washington and elsewhere.

A THANKSGIVING DAY DRILL

How would you like to turn out for drill on Thanksgiving day? A musician who ventured to blow drill call on that day would probably soon lose his popularity around a Marine Barracks. However, the forerunners of the present military forces of our country actually drilled on the first real Thanksgiving Day, according to William S. Walsh in his book, "Popular Customs."

Describing Thanksgiving Day, as proclaimed by Governor Bradford of Massachusetts in 1621, Mr. Walsh writes in part:

"At the first gray dawn of that first Thanksgiving Day, one of the cannon that crowned the hill-top thundered forth a salute. A solemn procession to the meeting house was formed, the men marching three abreast, Elder Brewster in his long preacher's camlet coat, walking beside them, bearing with a gravity befitting the occasion the great Bible, while the Sergeant in Counsel and Governor Bradford brought up the rear.

"After the service followed the dinner, whose savory odors seemed to have penetrated the forest's fastnesses, for in the midst of the festivities an Indian shout was heard, and ninety friendly red men, under King Massasoit, appeared as if by magic, bearing as an addition to the feast huge haunches of venison.

"The day of Thanksgiving lengthened into three, the mere bodily feasting being varied with the singing of psalms and songs, with war dances by the savages, with exhibitions of military drill by Captain Standish's well-trained soldiery, and with such sports and pastimes as characterized the recreations of English people in those times at home."

THE SMALLEST POST IN THE MARINE CORPS

U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.

We have the honor to be the smallest post in the Marine Corps, but not the worst by any means. There are seventeen privates, two corporals and one sergeant here, making quite a happy family. Sgt. Hudson in charge recently joined from the Norfolk barracks, and he makes the boast the he has the happiest and best little bunch of marines ever gathered in one place.

Pvt. Fishel, our efficient messman, makes the claim of never having served a dish of beans. How hard is that to beat? A big change occurred recently when seven men joined from the Norfolk barracks. Sgt. Hudson was quite surprised upon looking over the new detail and discovering Yours Truly, as we served together in the Virgin Islands. In fact Hudson claims it is a reunion as he served with all seven in one post or another in the land of sunburn. Pvt. Hall recently extended for two years because he said he would sure hate to leave his Park View Gate post in the hands of strangers.

Our barracks is right on the banks of the Elizabeth River and we have a scenic view of Norfolk and Berkeley, and would feel perfectly at home if there were only a couple of coconut trees standing around.



"YOO-HOO! TEACHER!"

Old fashioned soldiering has gone out of style. Good old blood and thunder, kill 'em and eat 'em kind have passed, never to return. King Arthur and valiant knights set good pace, but were left behind at end of first quarter. No more are good set of plain or garden variety muscles, and two teeth, directly opposed to each other, the essentials for O. K.-ing recruiting papers. Soldier who had to carry nothing but three tons of armor and sharp blood-hook has been relegated into dim recesses of past along with three-wheeled bicycle and hoop skirts. Present-day warrior has to carry all his weight above his ears, and trust to nature to do the rest.

To make short story long, brain, brawn and sinew have given way to gray matter, high foreheads and tortoise shell specs in the ranks of the modern army.

Yea, verily! This is day of educated army. Although Napoleon said an army locomotes by means of sufficient food-stuffs situated under the belt, present Commander-in-Chief says, "Brains will win the war, don't eat them."

Educated stuff has taken all recoil out of war. In days when knights were bold and Rome was in well-known glory, war was declared by throwing aged tomato into enemy's camp, whereupon both sides grabbed spears and fought it out then and there.

Insertion of education in routine has made war more pleasant for those who fear physical contact with bloodthirsty opponent, but at same time has made it more boresome for rough bird who craves to see enemy's cranium suspended over front gate.

Nowadays, war is declared by long distance telephone or night letter, but in no case until one side or other has violated paragraph ten, subparagraph (b) of chapter three of the Manual for the Declaration of War. Side who hasn't received latest changes in this book and makes mistake in declaring war when it isn't fair, is called out for cheating, and has to give other side several acres of marsh in the middle of the Pacific Ocean for a forfeit.

Chance to make hero of self has been greatly diminished by injection of brains into soldiers and general staff. When history was young, little Private David Levinsky could pick up his sling shot, sneak around to the blind side of Gen. Goliath Abrahams, and sock him in the eye, thus retiring side and ending war. Or Sir Lancelot Winterbottom could charge furiously from rear of opposing king and unseat him from dressed up plow horse, and then puncture him with spear, whereupon his best girl would make him a hero by pinning her spare garter on his coat.

This is all different now. Due to fact that war will be fought mainly by postal card, poor private will not see, hear or smell enemy, and will read opposing General's name in paper, but only chance he will have of becoming hero will be to lead class in correspondence course in practical plumbing.

Used to fight wars with hot lead dropped from front porch roofs on invaders who were trampling the tulips in mama's front garden, and if old King Goofus could have lived a few thousand years and seen enemies licked by correspondence course, he would probably have put ketchup on his ice cream and died then and there.

Old fashioned General would get up day of battle, look over nice open field where battle was to be fought, give proper instructions to his chiefs and tell them to go to it, and cursed be he who first cried, "Hey, quit it!" Bownarrer outfit would put new strings on bows, and amble out toward enemy, uttering loud oaths. Sling Shot Bombardiers would fill pockets with nice hard pebbles and fall in behind Bownarrer outfit, hurling imprecations at enemy who was only few yards away. General would shine shoes, straighten his necktie, drain a tankard of ale, inhale three fingers of snuff, mount his horse and lead his valiants into battle.

But no more. Not so. This is what happens now in this era when you can't be a Corporal without a college degree! Intelligence Department at General Headquarters gets rumor that foreign power is thinking of getting ready to declare war some time in future. Intelligence Department advises all Bureaus to stand by for ram, due about a hundred years hence. Experts are sent to study psychology of foreign power. Years pass. Newspapers get busy and use tons of ink and paper urging public in thinly veiled language to get ready for war. Public immediately reduces Army and Navy to a squad of blank files. More years pass. Suddenly, in the hush of night, an aeroplane staggers into port, covered with lather, and faints in the harbor. A message is picked up in bottle stating that enemy declared war ten years ago, and for Pete's sake to call out Army and Navy.

Army and Navy not being quite ready, yet, boy scouts prepare for battle, while experts sit in top floor of skyscraper and figure furiously with slide rules and protractors, and after several months of cogitation, determine that, allowing for drift, the enemy must have reached Lat. N. 49-31; Long. W. 33-26, considering magnetic declination of four degrees. Enemies position having been determined, curve is plotted to show how many individual pieces of coal it will take to get destroyers within range of enemy. Sixteen pencils and thirty erasers having been consumed in the

operation, the experts are advised to knock off, as destroyers have been converted to oil burners in meantime. Public proposals are gotten out inviting competitive bidding in oil. Finally all is ready. Steam is up, the Army has mastered the essentials of squad drill, and there are on hand plenty of shells to last several days.

Commander-in-Chief looks at sky, and sends back message to call off Army and Navy and order the Chemical Warfare Service to let loose several cubic centimeters of hydronitroaluminodioxide gas, if they can find a wind that will blow in general direction of enemy, which is located somewhere four hundred and sixty miles away. Rumor has it that war has begun. Guns use noiseless and smokeless powder, gas is smell-less, and aeroplanes are invisible, and so is the enemy. Only visible object on horizon is national debt. Side which runs up biggest national debt is declared winner, and Commander-in-Chief is presented by grateful public with handsome book of logarithm tables bound in vellum.

In this great war,
This glorious war,
We will not need our rifles any more.
We will save our noble nation
By intensive education,
And save all the unnecessary gore.

In this great war,
This glorious war,
We will not need the doctors any more,
We'll confine our warlike actions
To additions and subtractions
In this war,
This glorious war.

E. A. F.

JERRY FINNEGAN

Killed in Action June 6, 1918

A gallon tonight
For it's West in the morning.
My life's at its height!
A gallon tonight,
Then the hell of a fight,
And death with fair warning.
A gallon tonight
For it's West in the morning!

J. C.

WASHINGTON MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED 1906

Make Your Allotments to This
Bank

We Know Service Conditions and
Service Requirements

F. P. WILLIAMS
(Lt. Comd'r (SC), U. S. Navy
(ret.)) Treasurer



By HASH MARK

Scene: May's Home

Julius Sees Her

By William Fakespeare

Characters: Julius Bragg, who likes to Bragg; Ted, his buddy, who falls for some of it; May, his sweetheart, who falls for all of it; and May's dad, who don't fall for any of it.

Description: The plot is "hatched" in New York; the scenes are "laid" in Brooklyn, and come in two "settings." Now for the "fowl" details:

Scene: Brooklyn Barracks

Ted: How now, good Julius, whither dost thou go,

To see a Jane or to a movie show?
Your pipe-clayed belt has never been so white,
Nor have your buttons ever shone so bright;

Your trouser pressing was most neatly done,
Upon your shoes are signs of "Two--one."

Your campaign ribbons never looked so bold,
Your slanting hash marks gleam like burnished gold.

These outward signs can only one thing mean—

You've got a date with some fair Brooklyn queen.

Jul: You said it, Bo. I'll say she is a peach,

Beyond the heights I thought I'd ever reach,

The sweetest Sheba that I ever had—
And I'm the guy who stands in with her dad.

Each night I call, his best cigars are mine,

And from the cellar he brings choicest wine;

He serves me lunch, regales me with good cheer,

And says he hopes we'll wed within the year.

The very day the parson ties the knot
Mine will be half of all her Old Man's got;

Ten thousand bucks he says he'll slip to me,

A Rolls-Royce and some New York property.

Ted: Boy, you're in soft. Shove off and don't be late,

You can't afford to lose out on that date.

May: Ah, Julius, you are Johnny on the spot,

And what a lot of ribbons you have got.

Tonight you promise to recount to me
Your wondrous deeds on both the land and sea.

May points to ribbon

That little ribbon there, all red and gold;

What is that for—if I may make so bold?

Jul: Sweet lady, that award was given me

For saving fifty sailors' lives at sea;
'Twas near Japan, we ran upon a rock,

And all the crew was knocked out by the shock;

The ship was doomed, so I could do no more

Than grab a line and swim with it ashore.

May: Ah, such brave deeds sure give my heart a thrill;

Please tell me more adventures, if you will.

Jul: Ah, that is nothing. Once at Port au Prince

I stood alone on guard and didn't wince,

Although the corporal had put me wise

One thousand "spicks" might take me by surprise.

I saw them come. But at the first attack

They saw my Springfield and they beat it back;

They heard, no doubt, I was an expert shot,

And feared the battle would be far too hot.

May: The country should be proud of men so brave;

It's wonderful you have escaped the grave.

Jul: You flatter me. Why when I was in France

Most every day I took an awful chance.

'Twas at Soissons, with ammunition spent

I ran across a German Regiment;

Four thousand men, each wore an iron cross

Just looked at me and knew that I was boss.

I yelled "Surrender"—

(Footsteps are heard off stage)

I hear your dad approaching on the stair;

This time I know I'm due to get the air.

(May's dad enters)

Dad: Young man, I heard your deeds of great renown

Upon the stairway, and I started down.

Although your record's wonderful to date

There's one more decoration that you rate,

And if you come again I'll give to you

The Ancient Order of the Hobnailed Shoe.

Begone . . . Shove off . . . in other words, Skidoo!

And make darn sure I've seen the last of you.

(Julius beats it—the end).

Speaking of Turkeys

The Marine picked the last dainty morsel from the drumstick of the Thanksgiving turkey he was eating, and looked anxiously toward the galley for "seconds."

"You seem to enjoy turkey," remarked his buddy. "It's a pity Thanksgiving only comes once a year."

"You said it," said the hungry one. "But I'm trying to get even for what I missed when I was a kid back home."

"Didn't your folks ever have turkey?"

"They did, you know," said the hungry one. "But that didn't mean anything in my young life."

"How was that?"

The messman deposited a fresh platter of "seconds" on the table. The turkey fancier speared another portion, and explained: "You see, dad had a large family, I was the youngest, and when Thanksgiving Day came around there were so many mouths to feed . . ."

"You lost out, eh?" interrupted his buddy.

"Well, not exactly. But I'll admit that I was darn near fourteen years old before I knew a turkey had anything but a neck."



A.T.M.



LIEUTENANT C. J.
ELDRIDGE
(Guard)

Played on the Marine team last year—formerly played guard on the Virginia Polytechnical Institute team for three years.

MARINES DEFEAT DETROIT UNIVERSITY 28 TO 0

The All-Marines smashed through the University of Detroit for four touchdowns and a 28 to 0 victory. Once in the second and once in the third periods Frank Goettge, the great quarterback of the "Devil Dogs," plunged across the U. of D. goal. McQuade and Groves, halfbacks, each scored once. Neale dropped-kicked each try for point perfectly.

Through the first period and part of the second, the University of Detroit held the Marines. The Detroit line yielded in midfield, but when the Marines reached the 10-yard line, Detroit stopped the attack. The Detroit play during the first period was the best exhibition of football by Detroit this season, but in the second period the weight, experience and greater speed of the Marines forced Detroit steadily back. Taking the ball at midfield, Goettge, Groves, Neale and McQuade shot through the line for two first downs. Then Goettge hit Detroit's left tackle, broke away, and ran to the four-yard line. Goettge scored on the fourth down.

Goettge caught the kick-off opening the second half, on his two-yard line and ran it back twelve yards. From their fourteen-yard line the Marines smashed straight down the field for a touchdown, with Goettge and Groves starring in the advance. Goettge went over on a ten-yard sprint around left end.

Shortly after, Goettge threw a long forward pass to McQuade, who ran to the Detroit ten yard line. Goettge hit center for seven yards and McQuade rounded right end for the other three.

Detroit tired rapidly as the game continued. Henry replaced Goettge in the Marine backfield. He smashed as Goettge had smashed and Groves continued to twist away for long gains. Groves ran 18 yards through center to the Detroit 32-yard line. Henry hit tackle for sixteen more. Neale went through center for six, and then Groves shot into a bit hole at guard and traveled ten yards for the fourth touchdown.

The Marines lost a fifth touchdown when on the third play of the game Neale ran sixty yards through the line and over the goal, but both sides were offside and the ball was brought back.

The Marines out-rushed, out-kicked and out-passed the University of Detroit, but even in the debacle of the last period, the Detroit team fought for every inch.

Goettge was irresistible, Groves a twisting dervish, and Neale hardly less spectacular. The play of the entire line was strong, that of the tackles, Liverledge and Hunt, standing out. Liverledge and Hunt ruined two-thirds of Detroit's attempts to gain.

Edwin Denby, former Secretary of the Navy, sat in a box with his family. He was cheered by the 200 Marines who attended the game.

Lineup—			
U. of D.		Marines	
Miller	L. E.	Sanderson	
Carlson	L. T.	(c) Liversedge	
Bachor	L. G.	Levinisky	
Flannery	Center	Bailey	
Bowler	R. G.	McHenry	
Maher (c)	R. T.	Hunt	
Desroches	R. E.	Farrell	
Thornton	Q. B.	Goettge	
Hill	L. H.	McQuade	
Brennan	R. H.	Groves	
Philippart	F. B.	Neale	
Univ. of Detroit	0 0 0	0—0	
Marines	0 7 14	7—28	

QUANTICO POST TEAM, 13— MOHAWKS, 0

Superiority at the forward passing game gave the Quantico Post Marines, distinguished from the "Marine Corps team," or All-Marine team, two touchdowns and a 13 to 0 victory over the Mohawks at American League Park. Durham, fleet Marine end, plucked passes out of the air in the first and last quarters for the winning points.

On the opening kick-off the Marines demonstrated to the Hawk followers that it would not be long before they would have the ball behind their goal posts. Payne, of the Marines, received Lynch's kick-off and returned to his 40-yard line before he was downed. Payne then slid off tackle for twelve yards and followed with sixteen yards more. Lutsko, the outstanding star of the Leatherneck attack, then went twenty-two yards through the line, placing the ball on the Indians' 10-yard line. Two drives at the line failed, and Lutsko hurled a pass to Dunham, Marine quarterback, who went over for the touchdown. Payne missed the try for point when Branner blocked his attempt.

After an exchange of punts which followed the next kick-off, the Hawks took the ball on the Marines' 45-yard line, where they advanced the oval five yards, and Langer dropped back for a placement kick, which failed. Then the Marines tried to penetrate the Hawks' line and failed, and kicked, but Dunham's attempt only went sixteen yards. The Hawks succeeded in working to the Marines' 15-yard line as the quarter ended.

The Marines defeated the Mohawks far more decisively and impressively than did the Scouting Fleet. The Marines made good on their word that they would show Washington they are en-

SERGEANT JOSEPH
CERCEK
(Guard)

Has played regularly on the Marine team for the past two years—formerly played guard on Marine team at Mare Island, Calif., for two years.



titled to another game with the Fleet team.

Lineup—			
Mohawks		Marines	
Park	L. E.	Ferguson	
Lucy	L. T.	Walsh	
Langer	L. G.	Crow	
Eberts	Center	Josephson	
Burns	R. G.	Nolan	
Cooney	R. T.	Mietter	
Lynch	R. E.	Luckey	
Schofield	Q. B.	Dunham	
Wells	R. H.	Payne	
Cox	L. H.	Bacon	
Branner	F. B.	Lutsko	
Marines	6 0 0	7—13	
Mohawks	0 0 0	0—0	

WASHINGTON BARRACKS LOSES TO VIRGINIA ATHLETIC CLUB

The Marine Barracks Team lost a hard-fought battle to the Virginia Athletic Club on the 16th, coming out on the short end of a 12 to 0 score.

The first touchdown came in the second quarter when the "Praying Virginians" kicked and then recovered the ball on the three yard line. The Marine line was a stone wall, and it took the full four downs to put the ball over. In the third quarter the Leathernecks had the ball on the opponents' thirty-yard line and going strong when a forward pass was intercepted and run down the field, a distance of seventy-two yards for the second and final touchdown of the game. Virginia failed to kick the goal on both occasions.

The Barracks gang opened holes through the opposing line regularly, but an overhead game was in vogue and failed to produce the desired results. Litzenberg starred with line plunges, three of them totaling 37 yards. Crowder and Morris starred with their brilliant work on the defense.

Lineup:			
Marine Barracks		Virginia A. C.	
Crowder	R. E.	Corsa	
Ballentine	R. T.	Knight	
Wanamaker	R. G.	Howard	
Rafuse	Center	Tarder	
Lyman	L. G.	Leeper	
Pumphrey	L. T.	Edmonds	
Keough	L. E.	Wood	
Litzenberg	L. H.	Gorham	
Jeschke	R. H.	Thomas	
Cox	Q. B.	Downham	
Beachley	F. B.	Beach	
Marine Barracks	0 0 0	0—0	
Virginia A. C.	0 6 6	0—12	

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MARINE-DICKINSON GAME

On the occasion of the football game between the Marines and Dickinson College on November 4th, First Sgt. Edwards "chaperoned" a number of artists, writers and newspaper men to the game. Mr. Paul Libby, a well-known author



GUESS - PHILA M.P.

and literary reviewer, is responsible for the following article on "Foot Bawl." Mr. Libby's impressions are particularly interesting because of the fact that this game was the first he had ever viewed.

U.S. MARINES
PLAY
DICKINSONS
14 - 0

"Foot Bawl"

Some people go to a football game to see it. I went out to Franklin Field on election day to hear it. You may not agree with me, but it is the bawl you hear from the side lines and bleachers that win or lose a foot bawl game. You hear some one bawl from the bleachers, "Hold the line, hold the line, hold the line!" And the line is HELD. Then some one bawls, "Block the kick, block the kick, block the kick!" And the kick is BLOCKED. Another bawls, "Go to hell, go to hell, go to hell!" And one side or the other goes to HELL, and the game is won or lost accordingly.

One seldom sees the pigskin in a foot bawl game today. When the whistle blows, twenty-two young giants jump on and kick each other, rarely the ball. You see forty-four fat legs in the air like a lot of plump ballet girls dancing on their heads.



JIGGS

The game breeds cripples. I overheard some one remark something about a player having a full back, while other poor devils only had a half back, some only a quarter back, and I noticed some never came back at all.

Be all this as it may, the verdict of those who know is that the election-day game between the Marines and Dickinson College was football at its best. The Marines won by a score of fourteen to nothing.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs. Mrs. Jiggs viewed her husband's direction of the entire proceed-

GREAT DAY
FOR
LIEUTENANTS.

ings with much satisfaction from the bleachers, though I could see that she cast jealous eyes at Miss America, so Jiggs, you gay dog, keep a weather eye open when you reach the home port.

PAUL LIBBY.



HE WAS BEHIND THE TEAM.

PORTSMOUTH FOOTBALL

On November 9th the Marine Barracks football team journeyed to Portland, Maine, together with a goodly crowd of marine rooters, and defeated the strong 5th Infantry team on the Army home grounds by the score of 7 to 5.

It was a stubbornly fought game with the marine backfield heavily outweighed, but the strong line and team work more than sufficed to hold the Army in check.

Athletics are the main topic of conversation in the barracks, with scouts already working for the basketball team.

"RED" ROTH, THE FIGHTING HARP

Mare Island lost a clever lightweight fighter with the discharge of Private T. J. Roth, on November 7. Private Roth, who fights under the ring name of "Red" Roth, the fighting harp, has built up quite a ring name for himself on the Pacific Coast and around San Francisco where he has met and defeated such men as Billie Rays, Joe Coffey, Johnny Adams, Jack Maloney and Earl Force, all first raters on the Pacific slope.

A. J. ROSS.

FIFTH REGIMENT FOOTBALL

The strength of the Fifth Regiment football team was shown on Armistice Day, when the Devil-Dogs representing the Fifth Regiment of Quantico, battled the Frederick Maryland Athletic Team to a 7-7 tie.

The Marines were outweighed, but outplayed their opponents throughout the game. The marines scored early in the game, only to be tied in the second quarter on a blocked punt. Horner, Walsh and Holland starred for the locals.

ÆSOP'S FABLES—A LA MARINE

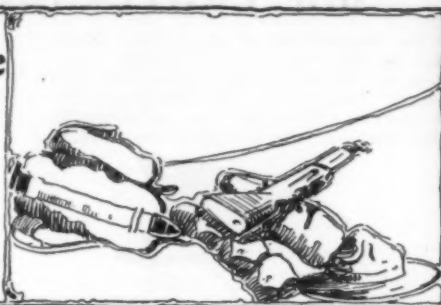




WEEKLY REPORT Marine Corps Institute

November 15, 1924

Total number individuals enrolled...	7,384
Total number individuals enrolled since last report.....	139
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report.....	157
Number of examination papers received during week.....	908
Number of examination papers received during the year.....	50,847
Total number of graduates to date..	1,790



ATM

"WHAT IS THE ANSWER?"

The average human has a soft spot in his heart for any one who is in need of help; the average Marine is usually one of the first to come to the front when an unfortunate needs help. Nothing new in that, is there? But the average Marine is the last man to admit that perhaps he may need help of any kind. He does, however; he needs to help himself to a higher plane of education.

There is a trite saying that "God helps him who helps himself." Suppose, for instance, a philanthropist would place all the good things to eat and drink where the world could help themselves; the average Marine would wear out shoe leather and the patience of all concerned to get there. You who have read this far will say, "What is this Bozo trying to say?" This, my friends: The Marine Corps Institute was organized to help those who will help themselves, and for no other reason, no man will ever leave the outfit as he found it; he will improve the outfit and those that remain behind just so much as he improves himself. One cannot spend three or four years in an organization and not leave an impression of some kind.

How pitiful is the remark, "I would give my left leg for an education like that guy has." This sacrifice is not required, Buddy; give the Institution only one little hour of the day and you can have as good an education as ANY GUY. Then if ever a discussion comes up over something in which you are learned, it is a comfortable feeling to be able to say, "I KNOW." No matter how little one knows, if one knows, that knowledge cannot be taken away, all the honors and authority that can be heaped upon a man can be stripped clean in one breath; everything he possesses can be taken away except knowledge; knowledge is obtained by study and power is derived from knowledge. Write your own answer to that.

COMPLETE AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL, M. C. I.

Are you enrolled in the Complete Automobile Course, or have you ever been enrolled in any course with the Marine Corps Institute? Special notice is called to those who have been and are enrolled in the Complete Automobile Course, that if you are not an active student you are doing yourself an injustice, first, by permitting valuable time to go unused, and secondly, by not keeping abreast of one of the most essential industries of today, and thirdly, you are losing the privilege of pursuing one of the best methods of study pertaining to the present day automobile.

During the past few months there have been added to this course twenty-

three new textbooks treating all up-to-date cars.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the importance of a knowledge of the automobile, so you are advised to get busy on your course, and if not enrolled, to do so, and not to allow such an opportunity as this to slip by unheeded.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pa.

November, 1924.

Director Marine Corps Institute,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: It was a great pleasure to correct the final examination prepared by Private Roy M. Jacobs. Indeed, the work is so beautifully done that it is a shame to hide it in our graduate file, but undoubtedly Private Jacobs understood that the examination paper would not be returned to him when he took so much pains in its preparation.

Not only are we pleased with the appearance of the lesson paper, but we are delighted with the thoroughness of the work and with the practical ideas advanced. The three advertisements submitted in answer to the last question indicate that Private Jacobs understands how to adapt his message to the medium he is using. The copy is very interesting and the art work is excellent.

It is evident to us that the young man who will put forth such great effort to do pleasing work on an examination will put an equal amount of effort into practical work. We feel, therefore, that if Private Jacobs is particularly interested in advertising he could carve a fine career in this field. His ability is such that he would probably be of much value on the staff of an advertising agency.

Sincerely yours,
International Correspondence
Schools,

By /s/ I. A. BAILEY,
Chief Instructor,
School of Advertising.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS

The spirit of the Business Schools—like that of the Marine Corps, is one of service. "Service is the supreme commitment of life," and great is our responsibility in the task of fitting men for service. However, we have accomplished our purpose in the case of students who have conscientiously studied to the end, as they are glad to make known after their graduate and re-enter civilian life.

Among the visitors to the school this week were three ex-marines, graduates

of the Business Schools, Gunnery Sgt. Robert H. Clark, Sgt. Claude Propps and Sgt. John B. Dawson. They were busy telling us how their business training helped them in securing positions with large establishments in this city.

There is nothing more helpful in any walk of life than a good working knowledge of the problems that ordinarily confront the business man of today.

WARRANT OFFICERS' PREPARATORY COURSE

In order to meet the demand for a course of instruction in the academic subjects of the Marine Corps warrant-officer examinations, it is announced that a new course bearing the designation "Warrant Officers' Preparatory" has been established. The course is suitable for persons preparing for any warrant grade examination, embracing the subjects of Arithmetic, Spelling, English Grammar and Composition, Punctuation and Capitalization, Geography, and U. S. History. The usual Marine Corps Institute-International Correspondence School diploma will be awarded upon the satisfactory completion of the course, together with the final examination. Aspirants for the Marine Gunners' examination may omit the subjects of Geography and U. S. History, but in such cases no diploma can be awarded.

It is suggested that Commanding Officers urge upon likely candidates for the warrant-officer examinations the desirability of their enrolling in this course so that when examined they will make not only *passing grades*, but *high grades* as well in the academic subjects embraced in the examination. Upon request, the Director will gladly arrange to keep the Commanding Officer, or an officer designated by him, informed of the student's progress.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A Fifth Regiment company had just taken over their first sector, in the vicinity of Verdun. The men had been trained to take the utmost precautions against gas attacks.

That very night the alarm was sounded from a point far down the line, and was repeated until it reached the company in question. The corporal on watch immediately set out to notify the three dugouts occupied by his platoon, but in the darkness and the maze of unfamiliar passageways he lost his bearings and it seemed to him that ages had passed before he located the first dugout.

"Gas!" he shouted, as he plunged through the entrance, "I'm twenty minutes late already!"

J. C.

"There's one man we're going to keep"

"Ed Wilson, there, is one of the most ambitious men in the plant. I notice that he never fools away his spare time. He studies his International Correspondence Schools course every chance he gets.

"It's been the making of him, too. He hasn't been here nearly so long as Tom Downey, who was laid off yesterday, but he knows ten times as much about this business.

"I'm going to give him Tom's job at a raise in salary. He's the kind of man we want around here."

HOW do you stand in your shop or office? Are you an Ed Wilson or a Tom Downey? Are you going up? Or down?

No matter where you live, the International Correspondence Schools will come to you. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn.

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

----- Tear Out Here -----

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☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman

☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
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☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
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☐ GOOD ENGLISH
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THE GAZETTE

Major General John A. Lejeune,
Commandant.

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. E. Evans.
Lieut. Col. J. J. Meade.
Maj. D. L. S. Brewster.
Capt. Alfred W. Ogle.
First Lieut. L. H. M. Sanderson.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy.
Maj. J. R. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
First Lieut. J. G. Clausing.

RECENT ORDERS

November 13, 1924

Captain Joseph G. Ward, A. P. M.,
Detached Headquarters Marine
Corps, Washington, D. C., to M. B.,
N. O. B., Hampton Roads, Va.

First Lieut. James D. Colomy, De-
tached M. B., N. Yd., Washington,
D. C., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

First Lieut. John D. O'Leary, De-
tached M. B., Quantico, Va., to
M. B., N. O. B., Hampton Roads,
Va.

First Lieut. Henning F. Adickes, De-
tached M. B., N. Yd., Philadelphia,
Pa., to First Brigade, Haiti.

November 14, 1924

Pay Clerk Lawrence A. Frankland,
Detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to
M. B., Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

Pay Clerk Clarence J. Conroy, De-
tached M. B., N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.,
to M. B., Quantico, Va.

November 15, 1924

No orders announced.

November 16, 1924

No orders announced.

November 17, 1924

No orders announced.

November 18, 1924

Second Lieut. Harold S. Levis, De-
tached N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to
M. B., Quantico, Va.

Rice & Duval, Inc.

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We Specialize in Uniforms for
Army, Navy and Marine
Corps Officers

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(Continued from page 2)

boy whom people are always plastering with nicknames. The Marines are long on nicknames. Call them anything you want, and they will not only live it down but the nickname will, in time, be synonymous with the good qualities of the Marines.

Probably the best known of all the humorous relatives of the Marines is the "Horse Marine." Let me tell you about him. Back in classical times, say about 600 B. C., the Persians and the Greeks

always had "horse transports" with them in their naval battles. The ships of both of these nations carried Marines for service afloat and for landing parties. Our imagination does not need much stimulation for us to see those old Greek and Persian Horse Marines galloping madly along the beach either as pursuer or pursued. From that day to this, there has been the joke on us about the "Horse Marine."

Some of the Marines dislike the nickname of "Devil-Dogs" because they were not "Over There" where the Germans



"I can do it!"

The Battleship Maine had gone to glory and the Spanish-American War was on. At Cuzco, on the Cuban coast, a company of Marines lay on a ridge with their backs to the sea and their faces to the underbrush that covered the base of the hill, and spurted jets of spiteful flame. There was no shelter. Under that brassy sky and through that billowing heat, the Spaniards, in vastly superior numbers, was creeping forward.

A signal man was called for to communicate with the U. S. S. Dolphin. The Lee rifles ceased firing and in the silence Sgt. John Quick said softly, "I can do it."

Standing silhouetted against the burning sky, he calmly wig-wagged his message, with the Mauser bullets whispering songs of death in his ears.

The Dolphin answered with the roar of her broadside, shelling the Spaniards from their cover, and John Quick dropped to his face and lay panting—unharméd.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
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Du Pont Powder has been inseparably connected with the combat history of every organization in the Service. In 1902, practically all du Pont Powder was made for military purposes. Today, 98% is produced for industrial uses.

are supposed to have fastened it on us, and the rest of the Marines dislike it because of the unpleasant memories of the time when they were "Over There." But the nickname survives the war and seems to be the one real joke that the World War played on the Marines. However, we can stand up under it and probably some day we will be as proud of it as we now detest it.

Then we have the time-honored name of "Leatherneck" which we love best. Back in the early days the Marine powdered his hair and wore a queue. I want to say right here that it must have been a most exasperating period for Marines if the wind blew and carried the "flour", which they used for powder, into the eyes and noses of the men to leeward. Well, at any rate, at that same time the coat of the Marines had a leather Collar to keep the powder from rolling down their necks. Thus we have "Leatherneck." I think the name has been preserved by the sailors who consider a Marine as rather too stiff and unbending in the performance of duty.

I want to try to tell just one story of the World War to show that the American fighting man never misses a joke even in the most serious situation. This story I heard told by one of the men, a messenger or runner, to some of his companions, one night during the Belleau Woods fighting when we were all crowded into a dugout by reason of a gas alarm.

The runner said: "You know the last time I was down in the woods to take a message to the Second Battalion, they told me and another fellow to bring out about nine prisoners. Well we brought 'em out all right till we got to the culvert, and when we got to the culvert the Germans were shelling the road pretty bad."

I should explain that the culvert was a stone arched bridge under a high embankment of a road in rear of Belleau Woods. The stream bed was dry and it was always used as a dressing station for the wounded, on account of it being well protected from shell fire. It was also the safest way to get past this road which was nearly always under the German fire.

To resume the runner's story: "Well, when I saw the road being shelled that way, I wanted to take those prisoners through the culvert, but I knew the culvert was crowded with wounded so I hollered out, 'Say, can I bring some prisoners through there?'"

"And you know every one of those wounded began reaching for bricks or clubs or something and hollered back, 'yes, lead 'em in'." The runner concluded, "I took 'em over the road because I have given the Adjutant a receipt for prisoners that were alive."

Seriously, though, while it is well to laugh at all these things, it is his whimsical "sense of humor" among other qualities, that makes the American soldier, sailor and marine a superior fighter. I have shown you how that superior "sense of humor" has been turned to advantage under circumstances where apparently no other quality of the human make-up could be substituted. The American "fighter" possesses this quality because it is a trait of the American nation as a whole. It enables the American fighting man to overcome many obstacles as it has aided the progress of the Nation.

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Quantico, Va., M. B.
San Diego, Calif., M. B., N. A. S.
San Diego, Calif., R. S., M. D. B.
Washington, D. C., M. B., 8th and
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OUTFITTERS TO MEN

NAVY DAY SHAM BATTLE

Quite a departure from the ordinary cut and dried sham battle was made by the marines and sailors at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., on Navy Day, with a view of giving the pacifists who might be present something to think about. The fight represented a skirmish between a landing force of Americans and a dyed-in-the-wool rebel aggregation in a country that suggested a republic of the West Indies.

Handbills were distributed before the demonstration to the many thousands of spectators by snappy marine orderlies, and these men remained in front of the crowds, explaining the significance of each phase of a conflict that involved almost everything except actual loss of life.

Lieut. Leighton Wood, U. S. N., from the U. S. S. *New York*, led fifty sailors and twenty-five marines to victory. The machine gun on his left flank was in clear view of the crowds, and was ably manned by a crew of Leathernecks under command of Gunnery Sergeant James H. Latterfield, who once upon a time had used this effective weapon with disastrous effects upon the Kaiser's playmates.

Gen. Carlos Zamor Timenez y Codio, alias Capt. Louis E. Fagan, U. S. M. C., leader of a rabble of pillagers and cut-throats, had his men billeted in typical rebel style. The camp had been constructed by First Sgt. Josiah E. Johnson of the Sea School, and it was just as true to life as this veteran of the Guardia Nacional de Santo Domingo could make it. Surveyed tents of every type and pieces of old doors and corrugated iron, afforded shelter to these forces of devastation, one hundred strand and composed of sailors from the *New York*. Grease paint of four different shades from cafe au lait to midnight made hands and faces very realistic, and each man was rigged out in clothing that, in his own opinion, expressed his nationality and temporary vocation of bandit.

A cock-pit, in which there was a real brace of roosters engaged in deadly struggle, a game of "African Golf" at which one of the players, an officer, was discovered cheating by a private who was promptly shot by a firing squad; siestas under the pine trees; a native dance to music of drums and howls; a frightfully conducted relief of the sentry who paced before the General's tent; and an occasional discharge of a rifle followed by a torrent of abuse in near-Castilian by one of many officials, all lent an interesting atmosphere to life around the camp fires of a spic army. The General was magnificent, dressed to the 'nth degree with many medals, a machete, two daggers and a Russian .45 Colt. Many of the

lesser satellites were barefooted, but each had a trusty rifle and several bandoliers or blank ammunition.

The fight was precipitated by the vigilant point of the landing force, which, upon seeing an armed out-post of the General's army, poured murderous lead in that direction. All three of the victims rushed back to camp to give the alarm—only one got there, so deadly was the aim of the brave Americanos. In an instant, cock-fights, executions and all kindred diversions were forgotten by the rebels, who rushed from their happy homes and formed skirmish lines in keeping with the traditions of their ancestors. Artillery, generously loaned by Grimes Battery, a Portsmouth National Guard unit, and manned by guardsmen commenced a duel that made the Argonne offensive tame and sickly in comparison.

Little by little the patriots were forced to withdraw, leaving dead and dying on the bloody field. Gallant attempts were made to rescue the wounded by the courageous officers of the rebel force, and a stubborn resistance was made, but, due to inadequate powers of observation, the spies failed to notice a group of sailors who crept up on their left flank, enfiladed their lines with a murderous fire and charged with fixed bayonets. This was bad enough, but what made it worse was a brutal frontal assault by gobs and leathernecks just as the left flank was rolling back. From this moment it was a case of every hombre for himself and the Devil take the hindmost. Some few fell fighting to the bitter end, but most of the quick preferred to call it a day and went over the hill at full speed. It is to be regretted that the brave General and many of his officers fell with their boots on, so to speak.

Following this exhibition of indomitable courage, came a dress parade of Marines from the barracks and the *New York*, commanded by Capt. Arthur Kingston, U. S. M. C., and as the last platoon passed the Admiral in review, it was observed that the rebels had been reincarnated. In column of squads, led by their noble officers, they marched past, some at the left shoulder, others at the right, but all gesticulating wildly and greeting the Commandant in all the dialects peculiar to the West Indies. The band having ceased, their own trumpeter marched them past to the strains of, "Auch, der lieber Augustine."

During the entire day the barracks were open for inspection to visitors. Ranged along the roadway were three interesting exhibits. Gunnery Sergeant Owen J. Winter had charge of arms and tentage, and showed machine guns, automatic rifles, service rifles, bunk, cots, hammocks, wall tents and pup tents, and explained to hundreds of visitors the use of each article in a full infantry pack. Corp. Anton F. Schillenkamp had charge of a table crowded with a varied assortment of German, American and French war trophies, owned by Captain Fagan. Quartermaster Sgt. Frederick E. Walker conceived a very instructive exhibit, which consisted of every article of uniform clothing issued to marines, chevrons of all ranks and types, storm hats, rubber boots, storm shoes, khaki, winterfield, blue. All were objects of great interest, especially to the many women who crowded about, listening to the details of manufacture and distribution and amazed to find such a variety of excellent material and workmanship.

L. E. FAGAN.

QUANTICO BANDSMAN RECEIVES CONGRESSIONAL SILVER LIFE-SAVING MEDAL OF HONOR

Private Jay A. Culpepper, U. S. M. C., a member of the Quantico Post Band, on Thursday afternoon, November 6, last, received the Congressional Silver Life-Saving Medal of Honor awarded him by the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., for bravely rescuing two girls from drowning in Occoquan Creek, on June 29, 1924. A civilian named Stevens at the time lost his life in attempting the rescue. The presentation was the occasion of a full dress review by a battalion of the "Famous Fifth Regiment of Marines" headed by their band, presentation made by Gen. Coli, commanding officer at Quantico, Va.

The story of the rescue, as modestly and unwillingly related by Private Culpepper is briefly as follows. On the afternoon of June 29, 1924, Culpepper riding his motorcycle along the road, on that section of the Jefferson-Davis Highway between Washington and Quantico, which at the town of Occoquan runs near the bank of the Creek, heard cries of distress coming from the water-edge. Hastily dismounting from his motorcycle, he ran to stream's bank, where in a whirl-pool about sixty foot from the shore, two girls were crying for help, while they battled helplessly with the strong current.

Without waiting to remove his uniform he entered the stream, and quickly reaching the struggling girls, slowly but steadily struggled back to the stream's edge with them in tow. When he turned to give his attention to Stevens the latter had disappeared from sight.

In forwarding the Medal to Private Culpepper, the following letter accompanied it.

JAY A. CULPEPPER,

Private U. S. M. C.

SIR: There is transmitted herewith a Silver Life-Saving Medal of Honor awarded to you by the Department under Acts of Congress approved June 20, 1874, and May 4, 1882, in recognition of the gallant conduct displayed by you in rescuing two girls from drowning, June 29, 1924.

It affords the department great pleasure to have this opportunity of commending the service rendered by you on the occasion mentioned.

MCKENZIE MOSS.

Assistant Secretary.

Accompanying the letter of commendation from the Treasury Department was one from Major General John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C., Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, who also commended Private Culpepper upon his brave act, and congratulated him on his receipt of the coveted meritorious medal.

SNO-WHITE

A perfect preparation for renewing the freshness and beauty of WHITE SHOES, BELTS, HELMETS, LEATHER GOODS, or other articles needing a white coating. The unique advantages of SNO-WHITE are that it is easy to apply, gives immediate and perfect results, and when applied cannot rub off or soil other clothing.

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